MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
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JULY
AND THE FOG WHISPERS--DEATH!

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SPECIAL THANKS TO FRANK MILLER

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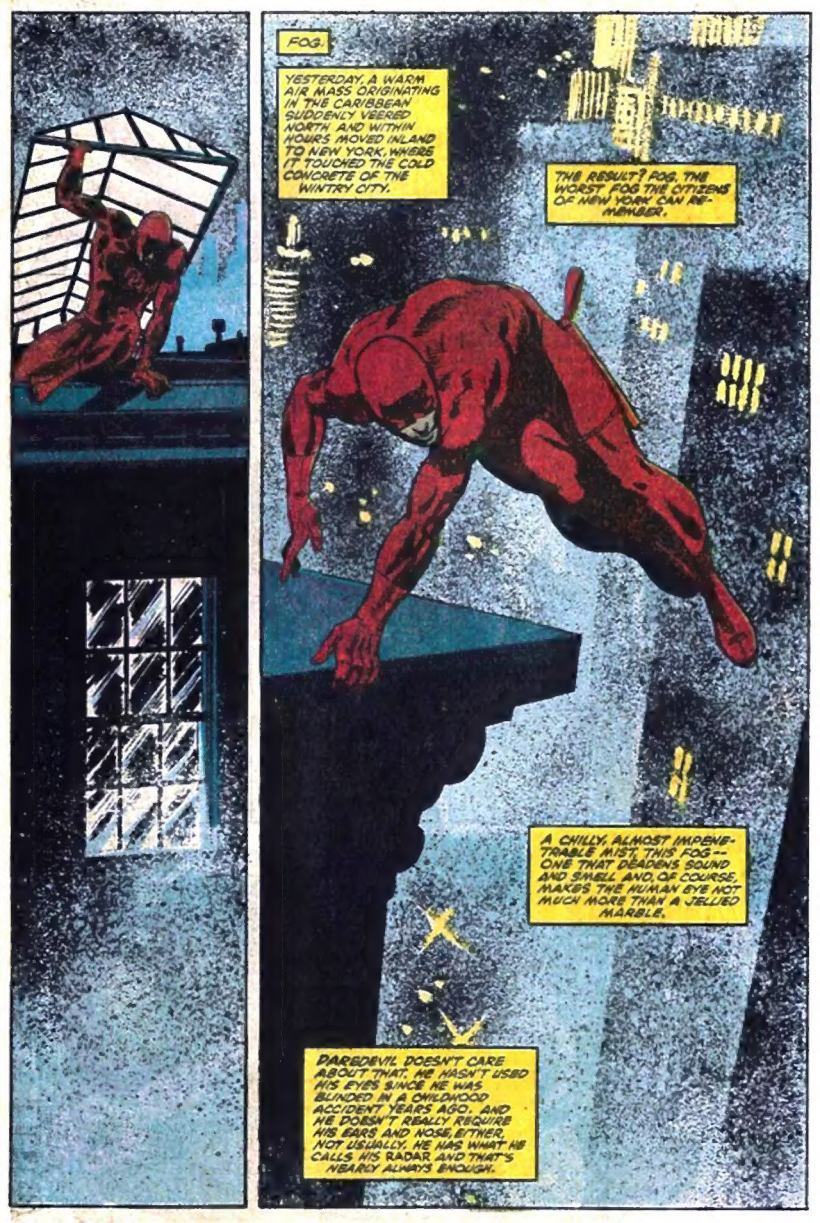
HEATHER... DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S--
--THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! NO WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A CAB IN THE FOG...
YOU DON'T *NEED* A CAB! *SHADOWHAWK* DOESN'T NEED A CAB! MATT, IF YOU DON'T COME I SWEAR--
ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE THERE! GIVE ME FIFTEEN MINUTES..


FOG.
YESTERDAY, A WARM AIR MASS ORIGINATING IN THE CARIBBEAN SUDDENLY VEERED NORTH AND WITHIN HOURS MOVED INLAND TO NEW YORK, WHERE IT TOUCHED THE COLD CONCRETE OF THE WINTRY CITY.
THE RESULT? FOG. THE WORST FOG THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK CAN REMEMBER.
A CHILLY, ALMOST IMPENETRABLE MIST. THIS FOG -- ONE THAT DEADENS SOUND AND SMELL AND, OF COURSE, MAKES THE HUMAN EYE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A JELLIED MARBLE.
DAREDEVIL DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT. HE HASN'T USED HIS EYES SINCE HE WAS BLINDED IN A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT YEARS AGO. AND HE DOESN'T REALLY REQUIRE HIS EARS AND NOSE, EITHER. NOT USUALLY. HE HAS WHAT HE CALLS HIS RADAR AND THAT'S NEARLY ALWAYS ENOUGH.

BUT NOT TONIGHT--
ALMOST MISSED. HEARING FROM HEATHER AFTER SO LONG HAS REALLY THROWN ME... CAN'T SEEM TO GET INTO MY GROOVE.
AWRIGHT, MANNY! THAT DOES IT!
I'M LEAVIN'... AN' I'M GONNA TELL THE COPS EVERYTHING!
DOMESTIC QUARREL. SOUNDS SERIOUS.
YOU WALK OUT THAT DOOR AN' YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, DORIS. I MEAN IT.
YOU AIN'T GOT THE GUTS, MANNY. YOU'RE A SACK OF NOTHIN'!
I'M WARNIN' YOU, DORIS--!
HIS VOICE... NO SUBVOCAL TREMORS. HE'S NOT BLUFFING!
SHOULD I INTERFERE?
NO. DORIS WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR HERSELF. HEATHER MAY NEED ME.
HEATHER!
SOON--

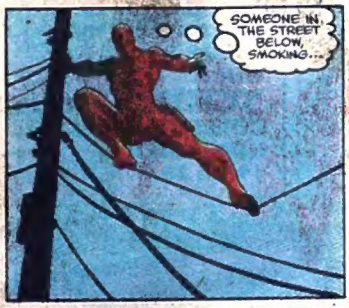
WHU...? DAREDEVIL? MATT?
YOU OKAY?
SURE I AM. JUS' MUSTA DOZED OFF.
YOU WANNA DRINK?
NO. AND YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY, EITHER.
JUSSA LITTLE ONE.
ROOM SMELLS LIKE A STY.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?
I DON' KNOW. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? DAYS, NIGHTS... ALLA SAME.
YOU SAID YOU WERE IN SOME SORT OF DANGER?
WAS A LIE, LITTLE LIE. I WAS 'FRAID YOU WOULDN'T COME--
--IF I DIDN'T TELL A LITTLE LIE.
OH, MATT... I'VE BEEN SO LONELY SINCE WE BROKE UP. SO LONELY AND AFRAID.

I'VE BEEN OUT WITH OTHER MEN... LOTSA OTHER MEN... BUT I'M STILL LONELY. CAN'T GET RID'A THE LONELINESS.

THAT'S A PROBLEM YOU'LL HAVE TO SOLVE FOR YOURSELF.

GOODBYE.

MATT!


SOMEONE IN THE STREET BELOW, SMOKING...

...NOT AN AMERICAN BRAND, WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING--

BAM
BAM
SHOTS!

MANNY AND DORIS!
KREESH
SMELL OF BLOOD/NO HEARTBEAT.
DEAD.
FOOT-STEPS--
--OUTSIDE.
GIVE IT UP, MANNY! YOU CAN'T RUN--
--AND THE FOG WON'T HIDE YOU... NOT FROM ME!
CHEEZ... WHO IS THAT?

PUT DOWN THE GUN.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
UNGPF
THEN--
HERE HE IS... JUST LIKE THE PHONE CALLER SAID.
WE BETTER GET AN AMBULANCE. FEELS LIKE HIS JAW'S BROKEN.
AT THAT MOMENT--
R-RING
MATT, THIS IS HEATHER. I'VE GOT TO--
SAVE IT! BECAUSE OF YOU, I DIDN'T DO SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE... AND A WOMAN DIED!

I'LL DIE TOO--
SRRAKCT
I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE OFFICE.
MORNING, MATT.
MORNING, BECKY. ANY CALLS?
SEVEN. ALL FROM HEATHER GLENN. ALL URGENT.
YEAH. WHERE'S FOGGY?
THE EIGHTH TIME HEATHER CALLED HIM. HE TOOK OFF ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO.
RING
I'LL GET IT.

NELSON AND MURDOCK--
MATT... I'M AT HEATHER'S ...YOU GOTTA COME... SOMETHING TERRIBLE...
SOON--
I-IN THERE, MATT... SHE'S IN T-THERE...
DEATH HAS A SMELL... SO HE KNOWS.
HEATHER

IF I'D COME WHEN SHE CALLED...
HE HAS BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS--
SHE WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO HERSELF...
UGLY WAY TO DIE.
NOBODY SHOULD DIE LIKE THAT.
--UNAWARE THAT HE IS MUTTERING.
MY FAULT WE BROKE UP. I TREATED HER BADLY. THE NOTE THAT CAME CANCELLING OUR WEDDING--
--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A PHONEY. I SHOULD HAVE ASKED HER.
MY FAULT SHE GOT SO MESSED UP.
IF SHE HADN'T LOVED ME...IF I'D LOVED HER AS MUCH AS I SHOULD HAVE...
...IF I'D TRIED TO UNDERSTAND HER...
CAN'T GET THE MEMORY OF THAT ROOM OUT OF MY MIND...THE ODORS...

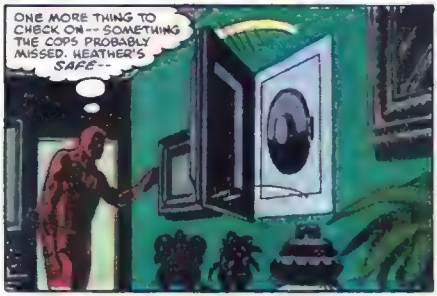
AN ODOR THAT DIDN'T BELONG THERE--! I WAS SO UPSET IT DIDN'T REGISTER.

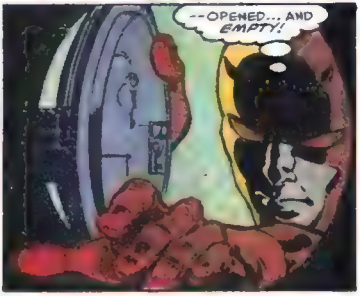
WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES--
THE COPS WILL HAVE SEALED THE FRONT DOOR. BUT THEY DIDN'T BOTHER WITH THIS!

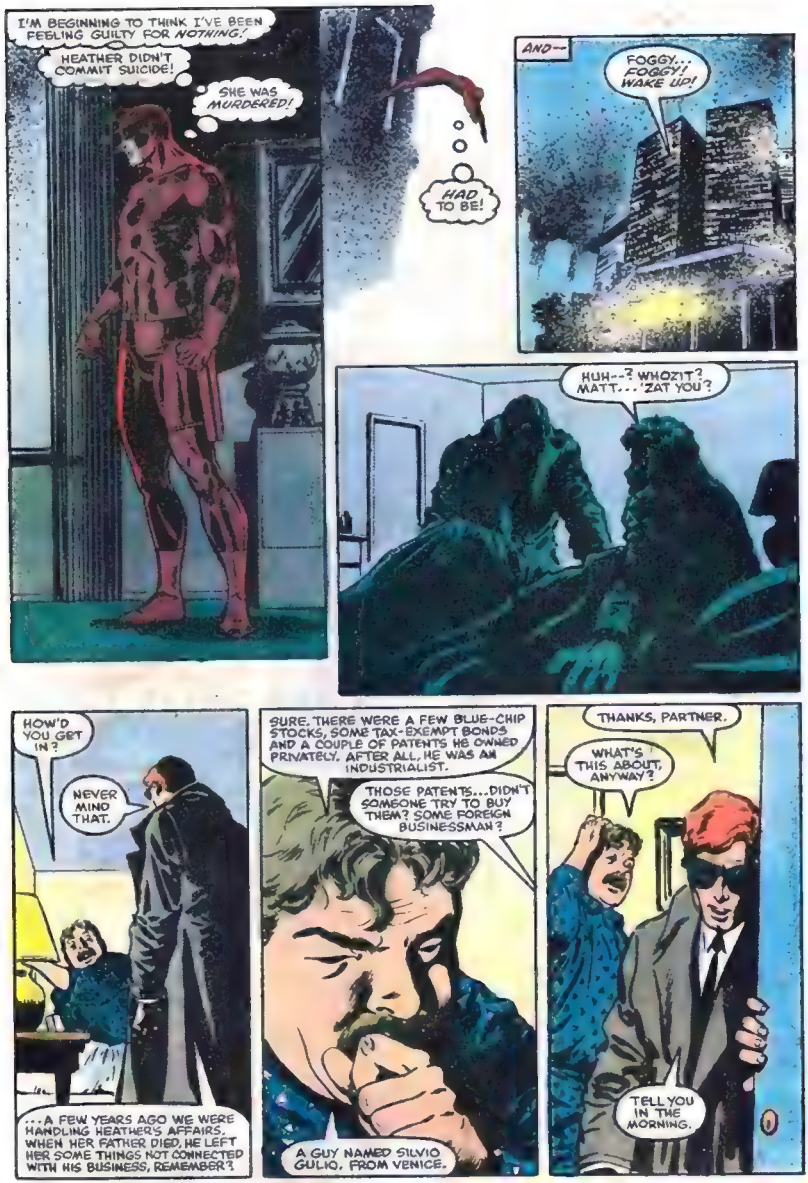
YES... I REMEMBERED CORRECTLY THERE IS A SMELL THAT SHOULDN'T BE HERE--

--AND IT BELONGS TO THESE.
HEATHER COULDN'T STAND CIGARETTE SMOKE!

FAMILIAR TOBACCO... WHERE DO I KNOW IT FROM?
THE GUY OUTSIDE LAST NIGHT... HE WAS SMOKING CIGARETTES LIKE THESE!


ONE MORE THING TO CHECK ON-- SOMETHING THE COPS PROBABLY MISSED. HEATHER'S SAFE--


--OPENED... AND EMPTY!


I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I'VE BEEN FEELING GUILTY FOR NOTHING!
HEATHER DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE!
SHE WAS MURDERED!
HAD TO BE!
AND--
FOGGY.. FOGGY! WAKE UP!
HUH--? WHOZIT? MATT...'ZAT YOU?
HOW'D YOU GET IN?
NEVER MIND THAT.
...A FEW YEARS AGO WE WERE HANDLING HEATHER'S AFFAIRS. WHEN HER FATHER DIED, HE LEFT HER SOME THINGS NOT CONNECTED WITH HIS BUSINESS, REMEMBER?
SURE. THERE WERE A FEW BLUE-CHIP STOCKS, SOME TAX-EXEMPT BONDS AND A COUPLE OF PATENTS HE OWNED PRIVATELY. AFTER ALL, HE WAS AN INDUSTRIALIST.
THOSE PATENTS...DIDN'T SOMEONE TRY TO BUY THEM? SOME FOREIGN BUSINESSMAN?
A GUY NAMED SILVIO GULIO. FROM VENICE.
THANKS, PARTNER.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, ANYWAY?
TELL YOU IN THE MORNING.

I'LL GET HIM, HEATHER.
I'LL FIND THE MAN WHO MURDERED YOU--
--AND I WILL BREAK HIM!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
LOUSY FOG.
THEY SAY IT'LL GET THICKER TONIGHT.
IT ALREADY LANDED BENNO IN THE SLAMMER.
Josie's
HOW'S THAT?
HE RIPPED OFF THIS TV SET FROM A HOUSE ON EAST EIGHTY SIXTH. ONLY THE FOG WAS SO THICK HE COULDN'T FIND HIS WAY BACK TO HIS CAR.
BAD.
SO HE HAILS WHAT HE THINKS IS A CAB. ONLY IT AIN'T. IT'S A COP CAR.
LOUSY FOG.
THINGS COULD GET WORSE.
THEY JUST DID.
YEAH.
WHADDYA YOU WANT?
THE USUAL. INFORMATION.
SPECIFICALLY, EVERYTHING YOU CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THE SECURITY SYSTEMS IN A BUILDING ON LOWER FIFTH, LEASED TO AN ITALIAN NAMED GULIO.
TAKHOV
I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

THEN--
AIR IS CLAMMY, WET, THICK... MUST MEAN THE FOG'S HEAVY. GOOD. IT'LL COVER ME WHILE I DEAL WITH THIS LOCK.
THERE. IT'S OPEN.
NOW WE'LL SEE IF THE INFORMATION GROTTO AND TURK GAVE ME IS VALID.
THEY SAID THERE'S A BODY HEAT DETECTOR--
--AND A DEVICE THAT DETECTS HUMAN RESPIRATION.
EITHER ONE WILL SET OFF AN ALARM AND FILL THE ROOM WITH KNOCKOUT GAS.
THESE ICE CUBES SHOULD LOWER MY TEMPERATURE ENOUGH TO FOOL THE HEAT GADGET...
...WHILE I ALTER MY BREATHING TO MIMIC THAT OF A SMALL RODENT...

AS FOR THAT--
--THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION CAMERA--
--I'LL HANDLE IT A BIT MORE--
T-SHANK
--CRUDELY!
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE TELEVISION.
A SHORT PERHAPS. THE HEAT AND RESPIRATION DETECTORS SHOW NOTHING EXCEPT A MOUSE.
THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER SQUARE FOOT IN RENT THE BOSS PAYS FOR THIS PLACE--AND IT HAS MICE!
FINISH YOUR COFFEE. THEN WE GO CHECK THE CAMERA.
THEY'RE OVERCONFIDENT.
THEY PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN ELECTRONIC MACHINERY.
GENTLEMEN, I THINK A TOAST IS IN ORDER.*
CIGARETTE SMOKE...THE SAME AS I SMELLED OUTSIDE HEATHER'S--AND, VOICES. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE--
--BUT THEIR TONE IS TRIUMPHANT!
OUR AMERICAN VENTURE HAS BEEN A SUCCESS.
HEY... HOW'S ABOUT YOU TALK ENGLISH?
FORGIVE ME. I SAID THAT WE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

THE DETAILS OF THE PATENT WE REMOVED FROM THE SAFE ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY TO VENICE AND SOON WE SHALL FOLLOW THEM.
IT IS, OF COURSE, UNFORTUNATE ABOUT THE WOMAN--
YOU CALL IT UNFORTUNATE?
YOU CALL THE WASTE OF A HUMAN LIFE... UNFORTUNATE?
YOU'RE GULIO?
I HAVE THAT PLEASURE.
YOU'RE FINISHED, GULIO!
I DO NOT THINK SO.
SINCE IT IS TRUE THE INTRUDER HAS OVERHEARD MUCH, AND SINCE HE IS AN AMERICAN... WE ASK OUR AMERICAN ASSOCIATE TO--AH... REMOVE HIM.
YOU GOT IT!
THWIP
PAKETAPAKE

SMACK
KYCKK
KWUT
LOCKED!

PAKETAPAKETAPA
UNGHF
RICOCHET...BULLET BOUNCED OFF THE LOCK AND NICKED ME!
WELL, I WON'T LET *THAT* KEEP ME FROM HEATHER'S MURDERER!
ROOFTOP! FUNNY...THE KILLER COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!
BUT I DON'T HEAR HIM...DON'T SENSE HIM, EITHER!
WOUND MUST HAVE MUDDLED ME...

UHF!
BUT I DID NOT KILL HER!

MY MEN AND I WATCH HER HOUSE. YES, WE BREAK IN AND OPEN THE SAFE...YES TO THAT, ALSO. BUT HANG HER?
NO! SHE WAS HANGING WHEN WE ARRIVE!
HIS HEARTBEATS...THE TREMORS IN HIS VOICE...THEY INDICATE THAT HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH!
HEARD ENOUGH, MR. MURDOCK?
YES, THANKS, OFFICER!
YOU INTERESTED IN DEFENDING THIS BIRD?
I DON'T THINK SO.
WANT I SHOULD HAVE SOMEONE DRIVE YOU HOME? STILL PRETTY FOGGY.
I'LL MANAGE.
THEN--
...GOT THE NOTE IN THE MORNING MAIL, MATT.
HEATHER MAILED IT TO MY OLD ADDRESS ...I GUESS SHE HADN'T HEARD THAT MY WIFE AND I AREN'T...TOGETHER ANY MORE.
WHAT'S IT SAY, FOGGY?

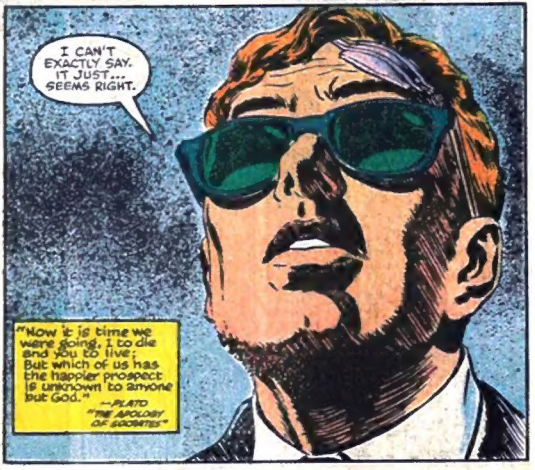
LET ME SEE...
DEAR FOGGY
TELL MATT I'M SORRY.
TELL THE WORLD I'M SORRY.
HEATHER

I GUESS SHE MAILED IT AND THEN SHE WENT BACK TO HER ROOM AND... DID WHAT SHE DID.
HOW DO YOU FEEL, PARTNER?
GUILTY. GUILTY AS SIN.

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK YOU'RE GUILTY OF? OF NOT LOVING HEATHER AS MUCH AS SHE LOVED YOU!
YOU COULDN'T HELP THAT, MATT. YOU REALLY COULDN'T!

MAYBE NOT. BUT STILL, SHE'S DEAD... AND IN SOME WAY, I'M RESPONSIBLE.
IT'S MY FAULT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
LETTING THE FOG IN.
WHY?


I CAN'T EXACTLY SAY. IT JUST... SEEMS RIGHT.
"Now it is time we were going, I to die and you to live; But which of us has the happier prospect is unknown to anyone but God."
--PLATO
"THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES"